

Stuck on the Ring world

by Kitty Johns

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Summary: So these two teens get stuck on Halo and they have to figure out how to survive. I suck at summaries. Swearing and plenty of it in later chapters.

1. Halotherapy Gone MEGA wrong

Halo-therapy gone MEGA wrong.

"KYYYYYYYYYYLE!!!!"

Kyle knew he was in for it. His sis had gotten a helluva truckload of homework and managed to get it done, and he could tell that she needed some MAJOR Halo-therapy.

"KYLE MICHEL SHECK!!!!"

Uh-oh...

"KYLE, GET OFF THE XBOX NOW OR I'LL KICK YOUR BUTT FROM HERE TO CHINA!!!!"

Not good...

He heard books slam down on the floor.

REALLY not good...

Then his older sister Lizzy walked (more like stomped) into the TV room. Most of her brown hair was pulled back in a rather sloppy pony tail. The rest of it was slightly covering her face. Her Jim Edmonds t-shirt hung un-tucked over her dirty blue-jeans.

On her face was the most hideous scowl that could have ever been shown.

EXTREMELY NOT GOOD...

And if looks could kill, than the entire western hemisphere would be wiped clean of anything that could breath.

She looked like an elite...

(lemme point this out to you: she looks like an elite all the time...)

(KYLE!! hear slapping sound in background)

On with the story...

She was mad...

REALY mad...

So Kyle did as he was told. "Why don't we do co-op?" he said.

"Promise me that I kill at least half the alien dudes we come across AND the hunters?"

"Sorry Liz but I was born to kill, and besides you can't even kill hunter without dying ten times first."

Kyle could have sworn that her eyes showed blood red for at least two seconds.

"Okay... On Second thought, I kill the hunters and the elites only but you can kill some. Then afterwards can I play some- AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Liz slapped him before he could finish.

"Hey why'd you do that?!?!"

Before long, Stuntz and Ghost were kickin' butt on random levels, plowing through the game.

(Even though Stuntz fell to her death a million times.)

(KYLE!!! slaps him again)

On with the story...again...

When they finished all the other games, they decided that the Pillar of Autumn couldn't hurt. They played through that game, too.

But then the end came.

Kyle was trying to skip the mini-movie but it didn't work.

"Dude, thanks for not skipping it, I love these things," Lizzy said just before the life boat crashed.

Kyle whispered, "I tried to stop it but it wouldn't let me, stupid mini-movie."

"Maybe there's a scratch. This disk has-"

Her sentence was cut off by a flash of light, and the two siblings blacked out...

R&R!

2. I don't think we're in Kansas any more

I don't think we're in Kansas any more...

"Mikey dude! Wake up! You have so got to see this!"

Kyle woke up to his sister frantically shaking his shoulders.

"Hey what's the deal, and why are you in a marine's armor?"

"Dude that's why I woke you up!"

Lizzy yanked her brother to his feet.

"What's the rush?" Kyle said, yawning.

Lizzy pulled him out of the pod.

"Still not getting what is going on."

Lizzy pointed up.

And Kyle looked up.

"Dude, we, like, so aren't in Kansas anymore, even though we were in Missouri to start with, if ya know what I mean. What say you, Toto?

Kyle's mouth dropped.

And he gasped.

Then he let out everything he wanted to say in one burst, and made half the other marines jump.

"WE ARE IN THE GAME! WE ARE ON HALO! I WILL NOT BE SURPRISED IF MASTER CHIEF COMES RUNNING UP HERE AND KILLS OFF THE ELIETS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO COME!!!"

This surprised all the marines.

"Elites?! Coming?!" one marine screamed.

"Duh, dude. The Covenant controls this literal ring of power, ya know," Lizzy said, annoyed.

"Good thing it is gonna bl-" Kyle stopped short.

"Liz, we have one BIG problem."

"I realize that. What do you think we should do? Is it like that Scooby-doo and the Cyber Chase thingy? Ya know, we have to win the game?"

"I have no idea, man."

"First of all, I ain't no 'man'. Second, I hear a drop ship."

"How do you know it is a drop ship, and what the hell is going on? What're you talking about?"

The tall marine stood and spoke for his comrades.

Lizzy stared at him.

The marine sat back down and looked away.

"Dude, we, like, so are NOT supposed to be here. We were playing Halo and during the mini-movie thing-a-ma-bob for the Pillar of Autumn, there was a huge flash of light. Then the two of us blacked out."

"And we ended up here," Kyle finished.

"I still don't get it, but you two should get guns. You were right, there is a drop ship on the way." a marine said. "By the way, what are your names?"

"I'm Kyle but my Halo name is Ghost or Squirrely Kev."

"I'm Lizzy. My Halo names are SPARTAN 087, SPARTAN 073, and Stuntz."

"What the Hell are you talking about?" a marine said.

"Well, my sister and I are kids, we were playing the game Halo, and then we blacked out and appeared on Halo. As we said before."

"Question one: what in the world is Halo?"

"It's the thing we are on."

"How do you know that?"

"I have won this part of the war millions of times, the game Halo that is."

The marines were silent.

"Wow..." one said.

"Anyway, my name is Jake. But can you help us understand this a little better?"

"Not exactly, Jake. That would take a while. Long story short, we are inside of a video game and book series. Right now, I think guns would do better at talking. The Covenant has decided to pay us a visit."

An Elite roared in the background.

"Ya know, I think I agree," Jake said. He handed Liz and Kyle assault rifles.

Lizzy couldn't wait to try it out.

In the game, she ALWAYS had her "Baby" with her, even if it was out of ammo.

"Lock n' load people, it's time to fight," Jake said.

Hope I can control this thing... Lizzy thought.

Then, some grunts came into range...

And they fired.

3. Dude, I so want to get your autograph

**Dude, I so want to get your autograph....sir. **

Surprising enough, Lizzy could control the gun like second nature.

Like she'd been using them all her life.

So could Kyle but he was more accurate and used less ammo.

(KYLE....)

(Okay...I'll stop...)

Liz liked to shoot them even if they were dead. She would hit them and their blood would paint the ground in blue.

(**KYLE! BLUE IS A PRETTY COLOR!!!**)

Kyle and Lizzy were having a blast killing aliens; they even whacked them to kill them.

Because the grunts were very weak it was easy to kill them by hitting them.

(Duh, you Halo freaks knew that already...)

All of a sudden a Pelican drop ship flew in at the battle, and Spartan 117 jumped out shooting.

Then with the help of the Spartan, the marines and teens won the battle.

Then the Pelican drop ship landed and deployed a warthog. Then picked up the survivors, but not the teens or the Spartan and left.

"Okay Mikey dude, rock paper scissors?" Lizzy said.

"To decide who gets the gunner's seat?" Kyle said.

"Yup."

Master Chief watched, amused.

It reminded him of his family.

His Spartans...

"Rock, paper, scissors."

"Ha! Rock crushes scissors! I win!"

Kyle scowled at his sister as he walked over to the passenger's seat.

She returned it with a wide, slightly annoying smile.

"Are you two brother and sister?" Master Chief said as he ignited the engine.

"Yes," came two replies.

"How did you two get into the military?"

Lizzy and Kyle looked at each other.

"We have no idea," Lizzy said.

"And that means..."

"An hour ago, we were at home slumped over playing Halo, next thing we know, we're here," Lizzy tried to explain.

"What's Halo?"

"A vided game."

"A what?"

"Video game. Didn't DÃ©jÃ or how ever you pronounce it ever teach you about 'ancient game systems'?"

Master Chief was shocked. He slammed on the brakes. "How do you know about her?!" he demanded.

"Oops," Lizzy said, looking at Kyle, who glared at her.

"What 'oops'?"

"Long story. Three books, one game, and the second game comes out in a few months. Any _other_ questions?"

Master Chief was silent.

"Okay, then. Covenant should be coming up soon.

"How do you know?"

"I told you, long story."

"Wow, there is something really wrong with this," Cortona said.

"I know what you mean," Master Chief answered her.

"A part of me says that she's crazy, and another part says she knows more than we do."

"Same here."

"Well, I guess that he is right. Covenant, on approach."

"You two get ready."

"Yes, sir."

Ok, halo lover dudes. Start reviewing. Purdy please? With sugar on top? And a needler as a free gift?

4. Dude! This is just like that one part

Dude! This is just like that one part...

"Man, this is gonna take FOREVER!" Lizzy said as she filled another Grunt with bullets.

"I know what you mean, Liz, but this is the shortest game out of them all!" Kyle said as he pincushioned an Elite. "Man, I love needlers."

"Amen!" another marine yelled.

The Master Chief had been fairly quiet since that short Halo conversation.

Oh, well. Lizzy thought. _He seems to be like that all the time._ _I wish that we had all the other Spartans to help us! Kelly, Fred, Anton, Li, Grace, Will, all the rest._

Lizzy glanced down at the Spartan's face plate.

He probably felt the same way.

But, like he always was doing in the books, he just shoved that thought out of his head and concentrated on the battle in front of him.

Foehammer came to pick up the other marines. Liz, Kyle, and the Chief drove off looking for the rest.

"Hey, Mike," Lizzy said.

"Yup?"

"Isn't there only one more left, or two? I can't remember this part too well."

"Uh..."

"Two, I believe," Cortana said from Master Chief' speakers.

"That works," Lizzy said as she braced for when the currently flying 'Hog returned to the ground. Her brown hair was now tied in a not,

because it kept flying in her face.

Kyle didn't have to worry about anything of that sort, because, at most, his dirty blond hair was one measly centimeter long.

The one thing he did have to worry about was floating away when the Warthog caught air. He was so scrawny it was truly surprising how strong he really was.

It felt just like a roller coaster.

"Hey John."

"Ye-hey, wait a minute! How do you know my real name?!?!"

"Well, that's something we learned in the books."

"Really, well do you know if any other Spartans live?"

"I am afraid that I think that you will be finding that out on your own, Chief," Lizzy said, failing to let the tiniest smile from her lips.

This brought the slightest hope to Master Chief's heart.

"Fine then," he answered after a while.

Lizzy gave a slight wink to her brother when the Chief turned away.

As that part in the mission was finished, the chief and his marine passengers jumped into the Pelican.

"Dude! This is just like that one part in The Flood when-

"Dude, this is that one part in The Flood," Kyle said, cutting his sister off.

"Oh yeah. Forgot."

Lizzy was making mental notes of her assault rifle. So that when, or rather if, she got home, she could go off and draw like crazy.

There was also Master Chief, too, but she might have a problem explaining to him that he was a videogame character that millions were obsessed over.

When they got back to Alpha Base, half the soldiers that could were grabbing some sack time, the rest were either eating or helping Fortify the base.

A soldier was waiting to escort the other marines to their duties.

When the Pelican landed, they recognized him.

"Hey, you two!" Jake said as he walked over to the two teens. "I can see that the two of you survived!"

Lizzy smiled. She hadn't recognized him from the air because his

helmet was off, showing his short brown hair, freckled face, and bright blue eyes.

"Come on! Technically, you're with me and the other marines in that life boat, and we have some time off for sleeping, eating, or anything else. I'll show you around!"

"Okay," Lizzy said, taking the hand he held out to her to help her down from the Pelican.

Halo dudes who are just like me: REVIEW, REVIEW, REVIEW!!! I LOVE FEEDBACK!!! And so dose my bro. Also, school starts in a few days, so I might be slow on updates.

Halo lover dudes that want to be marines (and the Elite), you are on your way, too!

5. Card games, lunch tabel style

Argh...I hate algebra...so here's another chappie!

(If u haven't red the book, than u will get pretty lost pretty soon)

Card games, Lunch Table style

"B.S.! HA! LO-SER!! AGAIN! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Don't rub it in, Kennedy! You really don't want to upset her. Trust me," Kyle said.

Lizzy was angry.

Really angry.

She scowled at Kennedy as he snickered at her.

She had taught some of the soldiers, namely Kennedy, of course Jack, William, Martin, Benjimen, and another one who had the nickname Lonedulist, how to play a few card games.

"How about a game of Speed?" Lizzy inquired, looking hopefully at the other's faces. Jack nodded, not sure what to expect.

Lizzy's desperate look changed to one that was downright evil.

"Uh-oh..." Benjimen said, looking at the cruel smile.

"Who is my first victim?" she asked. Kennedy smiled and moved foreword, sitting directly in front of her as she dealt out the cards, shooting rather wicked looks at him when he looked at her.

Sure, she had made Kyle teach them.

That was so that they didn't know that she was the best of the best in her school's Lunch-Table Speed Championship.

She had won a whole hundred something dollars out of a money pool that had been collected.

"On your marks..." Kyle began.

Lizzy stared intently at her cards.

"Get set..." Kyle and Jack got ready to flip the stack cards.

"GO!"

Liz's hands moved like lightening. She placed, drew, and flipped all cards that she needed.

Master Chief was eating, looking at the girl and her look of pure concentration. Her stare reminded him of Linda. Her speed of Kelly. And her determination of James.

Her eyes flitted all over the cards in front of her.

"SPEED!!! I WIN THIS TIME!!!"

"Rematch!" Kennedy said.

"I highly doubt it!"

Kennedy attempted to cuff her ear, but she dodged, returning the gesture.

"OW! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!?!"

Lizzy just laughed. "Huh? What did you say?"

Kennedy frowned.

"My turn," Jake said, nearly shoving Kennedy out of the chair.

"On your mark...get set...go!"

Lizzy whooped his butt, too.

And she did so to all who challenged her.

Finally, one of the braver soldiers, with a one hundred dollar bill to help him along, asked Master Chief to play with her.

And after much convincing, he actually did.

The crowd of spectators was grown.

A lot of people wanted to see the new marine go up against a Spartan.

Lizzy dealt the cards.

She and he locked eyes in a sort of pre-battle stare.

"On your mark..."

"Get set..."

"Go!"

Lizzy played like she always had. Fast and furious.

It didn't even faze her that she was playing with a Spartan. Not on the outside, at least.

"Speed."

Everyone was silent.

And every one stared at the small-seeming girl in front of the mammoth Chief.

"Who won?" one of the soldiers asked.

Jake stared up at him.

"It was a tie."

6. No! This Can't be happening! Not to me!

No! This can't be happening! Not to me!

Lizzy and the Chief stood shook hands and the Chief walked away to some other business.

But he stopped just after he turned around.

"That was the most fun that I've had in a while. Thank you." He turned slightly. "You play just like Linda."

"Being compared to a Spartan," Lizzy smiled, "I take as a compliment, Chief." She gave a crisp salute, to which he returned and walked away, smiling.

"That was fun," Nari, the trigger-happy sniper, said.

"Yeah, it really was," Liz answered. "Really, really was."

"Well, all of you need to get briefed on your next mission," Lieutenant McKay said.

"All of us?" Lizzy asked.

"No. Everyone in Jake's squad, except you," she answered, pointing to Kyle.

Kyle wanted to go on whatever mission this was, but he nodded.

"Good, now all of you come with me."

Lizzy smiled at Kyle and followed almost everyone out.

"Oh, Jesus, protect her, I have a bad feeling about this," he whispered.

Lizzy came out of the briefing room almost completely silent.

Her face was set in no expression but for a hint of pure fear on the edges.

Kyle noticed that she was being so quiet.

Normally, she'd be talking like crazy, taunting her brother and rubbing it in.

"Liz, what's wrong?"

She looked at him, and all hell would have broken loose if Kyle didn't slap her across her face as she was saying, "I have to go on the god damned mission with the god damned Flood and I can't even ask for any other thing to do than that because if not, then Silva's gonna beat the sh—" Kyle slapped her. "Thank you."

"No prob."

"Why are you so worked up about it, Betty? Nothing is going to happen," Nari said coolly.

"Shut up, kid. If she's worried, than you should be too. She is one of our bravest so far, or the cockiest, going out there facing all them Covenant without even twitching," Sergeant Johnson winked at her, and she thought a little way back to her first battle on Halo. Lizzy nodded her thanks, but no smile came to her face.

"Hey, cheer up. The Chief is going to come up with us as soon as he can," Johnson said.

"Man, if you knew what you were saying..." she said as she slapped a clip into her assault rifle. She frowned up to Kyle. "Well, Mike, looks like it will be highly likely for me to see what happens when one of us dies," she whispered into his ear.

Kyle shook his head. "Remember our tactics," he said. "Don't let 'em to your back, what ever you do. Get yourself a shotgun, shoot the balloon parts, shoot the half human things in the chest, and the Elites, too, and get plenty of frag grenades, and blast them all to hell, or heaven, depending, putting them out of their misery. Dose that sound good to you?"

"I guess," Lizzy murmured, handing the assault rifle to Nari.

"Don't worry, Lizzy. You're gonna be okay."

"Let's go, marines!" Johnson shouted, pointing over to the Pelican dropship that they were to board.

"Well, Mike, I hope that I'll be seeing ya again," Lizzy said, holding her hand out.

Kyle smiled and did the same, and both grabbed the other's elbow, sliding their hands back and letting go, knocking their fists together.

"Bye," Kyle said as he saw his big sis take a seat on the craft next

to Jake, cradling her shotgun in her arms. "Good luck."

Lizzy mouthed the words to the song that was being played over the speakers of the pelican, and she was absolutely the only marine other than Johnson that liked this music.

The other marines groaned, trying to show their discomfort.

"Isn't this _such_ a lame song?" Jake whispered into her ear.

"Are you kidding? Dude, Evanescence is the best band ever," Lizzy replied, giving her first smile since her card-game-frenzy.

"You like 'em too?" Johnson said.

"Why, yes sir!"

"Finally, someone who has good taste in music," Johnson said, showing his white teeth in a big smile.

Lizzy gave a small laugh and whispered her favorite words to the song.

Will I be denied

Christ

Tourniquet

My suicide

"Man, you sound just like that girl, Lizzy," Jake said as she finished.

"That is what everyone says," Lizzy replied, "but I don't get how I do. Everyone also says I sound just like Avril Lavigne, too."

"Well, then, let's see if you do!" Johnson said as he set up another song.

Lizzy smiled, and began to sing her favorite song by the young singer.

"Let's talk this over, it's not like we're dead..."

The singing fest had stopped a while ago, and they were reaching the area of the control room. this wasn't making Lizzy feel any better.

Not at all.

Things kept playing over in her mind, faint, though she remembered clearly the exact pictures from the minni movie.

"_Get it off me!"_

"_Hold still!"_

"_You aren't turning me into one of them! Never!"_

"_Get away from me!" _

"_Nooooooooo!!!" _

Lizzy was brought out of her slight nightmare by Jake's hand on her rigid shoulder.

"Liz, what's wrong?" he whispered to her, his hand moving to and taking hers.

"I don't want to do this."

"None of us do," Jake answered her.

Lizzy smiled. He had been so kind to her, and Martin said that Jake liked her. Ya know, like liked. That kind of like. According to everyone, he had had some really sucky dating experiences in the past, and now he was desperate for a nice girl that shared his interests.

And Lizzy fitted that category perfectly.

Not to mention that Jake was the hottest guy that Lizzy had ever dreamed to see.

Lizzy thought it a good idea to give him the hints to survival.

Not that they would survive long enough to use them, really.

"Jake," she whispered in his ear.

"Yeah?"

"When we get in there, when I tell you, get back to back to me. Kay?"

Jake raised an eyebrow, confused.

"Well, smart one, do you happen to have any ideas on how not to get killed on this?"

"Well, not really..."

"Who had already done this?"

"You..."

"Do you think I might have a good idea of what to do?"

"Well...I guess..."

"Duh, I know what to do. Now shut up, and don't worry. If you listen to me, you aren't gonna get your ass whooped. Understood?"

"Well, fine. When I met you, I had no idea that you were so independent."

Lizzy snorted. "Very funny, Jake. Very funny."

So, the next bit of the story went the same. Lizzy and Jake stayed

fairly close to each other, both for comfort and Jake waiting for Lizzy's signal.

Lizzy probably prayed five times as she waited for the inevitable end.

"Looks like those Covenant tried really hard to lock it down.

"Just do it, son."

"Yes, sir."

The doors slid open.

Jake and Lizzy were the last to enter.

_Oh, holy crap....

"Sarge! Listen!

That was what brought her out of her current prayer.

..._just don't make Jake one of them, even if I have to die for that not to happen. In Jesus's name, Amen._

Lizzy was inching back to the door.

"I got a bad feeling about this place..."

"You always got a bad feeling about something..."

_Oh, mega holy crap....

"What is that?"

_Oh, extremely mega holy crap....

Lizzy closed her eyes and waited for it.

"Hold still! Hold still!"

"Let 'em have it!"

_Now. _

"Jake!" she screamed over the other soldiers.

They each slammed their backs together, not letting anything at each other.

"Jake, this might be our last fight, man!"

"I'm running outa ammo!"

"Then play dead!" she growled in his ear.

And that is what both of them did.

After the gunfire died down, and she had lain for what seemed like a full day, Lizzy felt something crawling all over her back.

It tickled so much, but she couldn't move.

Another body was on top of her and Jake, who were lying side by side.

Jake and her hands were holding loosely onto each other, Lizzy's hand inside of Jake's.

Then an idea came to her head.

It was a long shot, but it might work.

Carefully and slowly, Lizzy signed letters on Jake's palm, like she had read that Helen Keller had learned to speak.

D-O

Y-O-U

N-O

W-H-A-T

I

A-M

S-A-Y-I-N-G

Oh, please work...

She waited for a response.

I

D-I-D-N-T

N-O

T-H-A-T

U

N-E-W

H-O-W

T-O

S-I-G-N

L-I-Z-Z-Y.

Lizzy gave an inward smile.

C-A-N

U

C

A-N-Y-T-H-I-N-G

Lizzy
signed.

Y-U-P.

W-H-A-T

I-S

G-O-I-N

O-N

O-U-T

T-H-E-R-E

There was a pause.

Then Jake
answered.

I-T

L-O-O-K-S

L-I-K-E

W-E

C-A-N

G-E-T

U-P

N-O-W.

K

Lizzy answered.

I-L-L

G-O

F-I-R-S-T.

Lizzy carefully and slowly got up.

Any flood, infection or combat form, that had been there, were now gone.

Lizzy tapped Jake on the shoulder and he quietly got up, too.

Lizzy had him face her.

Then she signed, "Jake, I never thought sign language class in seventh and eighth grade would ever be useful."

He smiled. "Well, I guess it was life or death, sort of," he signed back.

"Let's get out of here."

"I agree."

The two lifted guns and clicked silence rounds in.

Lizzy motioned to the door.

Just as Lizzy stood in front of it and nearly turned to ask Jake what they would do, the doors slid open.

Jake aimed his weapon, but saw he didn't need to.

Lizzy looked at her grimy reflection in a slightly orangey faceplate.

Scored and battered green armor greeted her.

Lizzy was now nose to nose with a guy that she had never thought, in her wildest dreams, to be saved, much less greeted by.

Master Chief.

SPARTAN 117.

John.

A/N: YEEEEEE-HAAAAAW!!! FUNNY FUN FUN!!! AN UPDATE!! TELL ME WHACHA THINK, ALL YALL CRAZY HALO FAN DUDES!!!

7. Dude, you so would not believe what happened...

A/N: Ok, I know that took a heck of a long time, and that it's short. I'm sorry. School is getting pretty full up, and cheerleading is coming around the corner. I hope you understand. Ok, so I said just mild swearing. I take it back. This is a whole lot of swearing. Warning ya.

Dude, you would so not believe what happened...

Lizzy stared into the faceplate.

"My god, I could kiss you now," she said, standing up to her full height, checking her grenades.

"But I'd bet you wouldn't like that too much," Jake said from behind her, and he was rewarded with nice bright red handprint on his cheek.

"What happened?" Master Chief asked looking around at the bodies all

over the floor.

"I'll just leave you to figure that out, Chief," Lizzy said in an exasperated tone.

"Tell me, and that's an order," the Chief snapped back.

Lizzy sighed. "I trust that you've already seen that crazed soldier up there?" she asked calmly.

The Chief nodded.

"Quick question: did you shoot him?"

The Chief shook his head.

"Aw, dang it. Woulda put an end to his misery, man. Well, you should listened to poor Nari." She frowned and reloaded her shotgun.

Then she looked at him with an iron hard gaze, her face held no emotion as she kicked a helmet over to him.

"They're coming," she whispered. She turned around and quickly shot something in the background, and it fell with a thud. "And you are the only one who can stop them."

Kyle frowned. He hoped his sister wasn't dead.

But, as of now, there was no way for him to tell.

He stood around with the other marines and waited for orders.

"Sir," Wesley's voice said over the speakers. "Something has happened to the captain's team. I think you should hear this."

A hardly discernable transmission was played over all the marines' coms.

"Oh, shit," Kyle said under his breath, gripping tighter to his shotgun.

"What do you mean, I'm the only one?" Master Chief said, staring her down.

She didn't even flinch. "The two of us," she began, "aren't even supposed to be alive right now. You've gotta get going. We've gotta get going." She walked back up to him and got the video log thing form Jerkens's helmet and inserted it into the Chief's, and he nearly slapped her in the face if the movie thing hadn't started.

As Master Chief watched the movie, he began to understand. He saw the shreds of the little infection form thingies littering the ground, as well as the wounds on the dead marine's backs.

"So, Chief, now do you get it?" Lizzy asked, defiantly grouchy, tapping her foot, one hand on her hip and the other loosely holding her shotgun on her shoulder.

"I guess so," he said quietly. Only one small speck of human blood was on her cheek, and she was, other than that, spattered with the

ugly, smelly, olive green blood of The Flood.

"Good," she said. "Now, Master Chief, please pardon me, but get you're ass in gear before we're all dead, meaning turn on your god damned flashlight and let's blast these suckers to hell."

"Man, she's a bitch this morning," Chief grumbled.

"Of course I'm a bitch, Sherlock," Lizzy snapped.

As soon as the Chief did as she asked, and after five seconds of complete silence, just behind her, dozens of little infection forms appeared on the walls.

Lizzy primed a frag and tossed it into the bunch, grabbing Jake and pulling him down just before the shrapnel got to him.

"Jake, that would be save number six from me to you."

Jake grunted as she yanked him back up and pushed her way through the room, killing anything that moved. "Hey Chief!" she shouted over the gunfire.

"Yeah?" he answered.

"Shoot in the middle of the bigger bunches. They pop like crazy."

That idea worked pretty well.

"Don't waist to much ammo! You can get away with not paying attention to the groups of one or two! Your armor is sealed! As long as it stays that way, just still don't let too many at your back!"

"You know, Liz, I presume," he began over the gunfire, "since you claim to know your way around this place," Lizzy gave him a glance after slamming the butt of her shotgun into one, "lead the way to the next place we should be going!"

"Dude," a round of gunshots, "we gotta wait until these" she grunted as she lost her balance, and then slammed her foot into a flood, "bastards break that door down."

The door which the Master Chief had just come from quickly slammed inwards.

"Let's go, boys!"

No one argued.

"Shoot them big ones in the chest! They die quicker!"

"Whada ya mean big ones? There ain't noâ€" Jake abruptly stopped his sentence as he stared at a combat form's mutilated chest.

"You were saying?"

Jake smiled sheepishly.

The Master Chief tried this out and added it to his strategy. It

worked pretty well, too. They went down almost immediately after a good shot.

"So, anywho, follow me!" Lizzy screeched to a halt at the corridor's entrance. Then she remembered something. "Chief, do you, by any minute chance, have some ammo for a shotgun on ya? Or at least another gun that I might commandeer? And if you two need a rest for a little, catch your breath. I'll be right back."

While fighting had momentarily stopped, she walked back down to the corridor that led to the place where Liz and Jake had nearly lost their lives.

"Where in hell are you going?" Jake said, catching her by the shoulder. "There are still those little...whatever you call 'ems down there!"

Lizzy squeezed his hand (rather hard) and took it off of her shoulder, smiling little under all the blood, sweat, and grime. "If this goes by the game, which it has so far, there aren't anymore dudes down there. Trust me."

Master Chief had already silently accepted that she wanted, and needed, to be in control of things if he was to survive. He still had to get back to Reach. I'll am afraid that I think that you will be finding that out on your own, Chief she said. She was smiling then. They had to be alive.

Lizzy glanced at the Master Chief. He was sitting in a corner with his arms folded loosely over his chest. He looked sort of dazed. Sorta. Just like she knew what he was thinking, she smiled and stepped lightly over to him.

Moving her hand to his shoulder, then remembering that earlier in the day he had been wounded there (yeah, she was a hopeless halo fanatic to memorize that entire chapter. What did she care?), she just placed it on his arm. "You'll see them again. I shouldn't have told you, but I think you had to know."

She could tell, even behind the faceplate, that he was rather surprised, as well as happy. Good. _Then that worked, I guess_. She leaned over on the wall and took something from her wrist. A hair tie. She took off her helmet and slammed it on the ground. After pulling her hair into a tight, rather sloppy ponytail, she slammed her helmet back on and reloaded.

Jake and the Chief stood back up behind her just in front of the doorway. "Let's kick some flood ass."

8. Now what do we do?

A/N: Ok, that chappie was really fun! And thank you again to Speaker for the Dead for editing this. And thanx to reviewers. I don't know how many times I should say this, "It keeps me drivin' onâ€œ! I love you guysâ€œ|annoying smile

I'm listening to Christmas music. My mom is still playing Christmas music. I've been forced to see Christmas stuff since BEFORE THANKSGIVING!!!! For all of you not in the U.S. , Thanksgiving is a

holiday where you are supposed to stuff your face with turkey, mashed potatoes, ham, pie, and all those other goodies. Lovely, ain't it? Very many people decorate for it, but taking down those decorations three days before and putting up Christmas lights is just rather screwy. See where I'm going? Anywho, I'M GOING TO BE FORCED TO LISTEN TO CHRISTMAS MUSIC TIL ALENTINES DAY!!! WTF!!!!???

On to the story...

Now what do we do?

Lizzy stopped. It had finally sunk in. in her was trusted the lives of both the coolest and awesomest guys-wait. Was awsomest even a word? _Aw, who gives a care?_ she decided.

Liz looked through the doorway and ran down a mental checklist. The flood had won the tiny battle that was going on underneath of the three humans, as always, so that meant that they had to either kill them or go along the side and hope that they weren't caught. She motioned for the two following her to go back into the other room.

"Well guys, we have two choices," she said as the doors slid shut. They looked at her expectantly. "We could either go along the side or go down there and kill them. I personally would like to press our luck again and see if we can make our way along the other side."

They both considered this. "Well," the Master Chief said at last, "I think that we should go along the side. I saw that drop and the two of you wouldn't be able to make that without at least breaking something."

Jake nodded at that logic.

"Since there's no opposition, all in favor, say aye," Liz said, making a weak attempt to lighten the mood.

"Aye," both said. The corner of Jake's mouth turned up, if only slightly.

Liz crouched low and hobbled along the side, just as had been decided. Slowly the trio made their way along the corridor, then through another, and another, then several more. It became a horribly painful routine. Go through a corridor, kill, then reload. Go through a corridor, kill, and reload. _Just lovely_ Lizzy thought sarcastically. _Life is a beautiful thing when you have to kill things that smell like barf._

They found some dead marines every so often. Each of those times they found at least two that Jake had known. After stripping them of their ammo, and the occasional snack, Lizzy would make a silent prayer, and the unlikely trio made their way to the next hall.

Lizzy put use to her gamer-tag quite a few times. In the real world, she was the decoy for team games, meaning that she was the one doing the crazy stuff, she was the one who was getting shot at, she was the one who was always stuck (with plasma grenades), she was the one jumping impossible distances, and she was the one flying out of 'hogs after they pulled a few flips. And that also meant that she was the

best at staying alive and escaping the worst of the worst.

Already, she had probably slid underneath and between the legs of maybe twenty Combat Forms, a view and stink of which she never wanted to experience again in her life. Close to fifteen times she had pulled a monkey move, grabbing onto bars and flinging herself up with as much speed as she could manage. There were a few times that she and Jake had to go back to back again. A few crazy back flips to get away from grenades, Some dancing to get rid of the little infection forms, being tossed up into the air by the Master Chief to get onto pathways, yeah. It was kinda like gym class, Camp Windermere's dance night, and cheerleading practice all rolled into one.

Then there was the element of live fire that was integrated into it, and Liz found herself wishing that P.E. was like this. She'd have to make a mental note for suggestions to Mrs. Jackson. _Yeah. Like that'll happen._

The Spartan and marine trio made their way into another room. Master Chief led, just as he had been doing (in case of Flood overdose). The two marines flanked him. They walked along the pathway to the other side.

Lizzy stopped. She thought she had heard something. There it was again. She clicked her tongue and Jake turned his head to face her. Master Chief stopped too.

'_You hear anything?'_ Lizzy signed. Jake looked at her with a puzzled expression.

'_No,'_ he signed back.

Lizzy nodded. _'I could swear that I-'_ her signing was cut off by a Combat Form. She tried to grab her shotgun, but it was too late.

Lizzy screamed as the Combat Form collided with her shoulder, knocking her off the bridgework and falling nearly 10 feet ground. Jake quickly disposed of the thing and then it's buddies decided to join the fray. Gunshots flared all around Lizzy and she didn't move. She looked dead, and that's what they took her for, going on with the battle. Combat forms poured from the walls, it seemed, and always more kept coming. Bodies were piling near their friend.

Jake looked back down to her when the last combat form's scrambled body finally hit the deck. She was lying on her back, with her eyes barely open, sprawled out. The shotgun she had been using had fallen somewhere near her and was half buried by a combat form.

Master Chief dropped down to her and checked her pulse, finding it strong and going fast. She was attempting to breathe. "You okay?"

Lizzy opened her eyes a little more. She tried to breathe in, which wasn't easy, but after a little time she got her breathing back to normal. "Aw, what the fuck. Gimme that goddamn shotgun," was the first thing that she said. Both guys smiled. She pushed herself up and got unsteadily to her feet. "Man, I gotta kill something."

"How about that?" Jake said, pointing to a Flood struggling to get up

onto its mangled legs and smiled a little wider.

"Purrrfect," she purred. A simple slam of the gun was enough, but she decided overkill wouldn't hurt. After beating it to a bloody pulp, she wiped some smeared Flood blood off of her face and turned around. "Okay, I feel better now."

Lizzy scanned the area for a simpler way to get up. No overturned crate things this time. And Master Chief couldn't sensibly lift her very well; he had almost dropped her last time. She and he had decided not to do this anymore. Master Chief was always afraid that he'd drop her, but she had good enough balance. Cheerleading was a life saver.

Literally.

"Chief, can you get back up there?" she asked, surveying the situation carefully. He nodded slowly and did as she asked.

Lizzy tossed her shotgun to the Chief. She ran up and jumped, grabbing onto the edge and swinging herself up. Master Chief catching her around the waist before she could fall off the other side. "You earned your nickname rather well, Liz," he said as she lay panting on the metal floor. An uneven laugh escaped her lips.

"Aw, heck with nickname! I go by that name everywhere!" she countered, getting up and rubbing her shoulder. "Goddamn, these things are strong." She saw Jake open his mouth to say something but she continued before he could. "But I'm okay. We won't be fighting for much longer. And if either of you think that I'm a weak little girl, then," she patted her shotgun as she said. "Speak now or die slowly." Lizzy heard a small chuckle and looked to see Master Chief shaking his head.

"We better get moving," he said, reloading his assault rifle.

"Amen," Lizzy answered. She went down to scrape some of the gunk from the tops of her boots (honestly: having gooey blood smacking against your shin when you ran was not fun), she realized that she'd have to touch that nasty junk with her hands. Not many that she knew of would sanely do that, knowing that they would only get the gunk on their hands, and then, holding their gun, would get the blood on said gun, and, whipping it on their sides, would get it on their grenades, and then on their hands, and then on their guns, you get the drift.

"Aw, screw it," she grumbled.

Okay, she wasn't a true weak little girl.

(Re-beck-aâ€|you can stop nowâ€|)

(Fine, E-liz-a-beth!)

"So, can I lead again, now that if we mess up the human race is screwed?" She started walking and was reminded of the gunky blood. "God, I can't wait to be back in my living room."

"Alright, but don't get hurt again," Jake said teasingly, earning a

rather hard play smack on his shoulder.

"If I am correct in my downright odd memorization of this game, then there should be a lift for us." Liz was right. "All aboard! Next stop: death!" That didn't exactly comfort either man.

Master Chief took the liberty of pressing the button to make it go. His marine counterparts were standing still, fingering their weapons. "We should meet some marines up on the next level," Liz said, now making the comforting step. She looked Jake in the eye. "And then we're out of here. Just a little while after that, and we win." Jake smiled.

"So we aren't screwed?" he said quietly, putting a hand on her shoulder. Lizzy shook her head unenthusiastically. "Good." He said. He tried to hold back a yawn. Liz leaned her forehead on his shoulder and closed her eyes. She was tired, he was tired, and they both knew that Master Chief was tired as well. Liz was amazed that she hadn't passed out already. '

Master Chief looked at the two marines. They were exhausted, and he himself was getting a little more tired than he'd like to be. He had already decided that keeping alive all alone (or with one other, same difference) took a great deal of guts: he knew because he did it all the time.

Liz and Jake were leaning on each other with their eyes closed. Jake had one arm wrapped around her shoulder and Lizzy's hung limply at her sides, hardly holding her gun. Her lips were moving quietly, and her words tolled out eerily in the gloom.

It was a hymn (with a more than slightly creepy tune) that she had been forced to memorize in 8th grade. Thy Strong Word was what it was called. She remembered the words perfectly:

_Lo, on those who dwelt in darkness, _

_Dark as night and deep as death, _

_Broke the light of thy salvation, _

_Breathed thine own life-giving breath: _

_Alleluia, alleluia! Praise to thee who light dost send!

-

Alleluia, alleluia! Alleluia without end!

That was her favorite verse. "Alleluia without end," she heard Jake repeat. "If that Jesus of yours saves us from this maze down here, then I'll repent of every sin I've ever done." Lizzy snorted and jabbed his side. "Joking," he mumbled, rubbing her shoulder. "Just joking."

As the lift pulled to a stop, the other marines gasped at seeing who it was. Liz looked up with just her eyes and went back to her sleepy position. "Why in hell can't I get one single break?" she grumbled, lifting her head and covering her mouth to yawn. Jake opened his mouth to say something but Liz Lifted her hand abruptly. "Nope. I want to hear no sarcasm for the rest of the night unless it's from

me. Do you understand?"

Jake sighed and nodded. Kyle was right. She was a rather annoying little bitch when she was tired. "Well, oh great queen, permission to speak?" Liz turned around with absolute evil in her eyes. "I take that as a no," he mumbled.

"God, just wake me up when September ends!" Lizzy grumbled.

"Summer has come to passâ€|" Jake began mockingly.

"Shut up."

"Fine."

9. Misery Loves Company

Warning in advance, even if this will get rid of some readers if any of you are actually loyal: Romance ahead. It works into the plot, duh! That's why! Otherwise, this would only be about killing and more killing. Anywho, that was just so you know. You'll probably stop reading this now, butâ€|yeah. It don't matter to me. I'll keep writing! And the romance is in a very short section.

Yeah. You'll hate me forever. That is just about it.

Have fun reading while you canâ€|I'll tell you the chapter with that in it when it comes to it. Now, to the story!

Alright, here's the chapter. BUT I will tell you RIGHT before the romancy part.

(and my editor dude has forgotten me, so, please...I'm sorry for all typos...i gave this to him months ago and haven't really had time to get on the computer myself.)

Misery Loves Company

"Excuse me?" one of the marines asked, looking at the young woman.

"You're excused," she answered, walking off the lift.

A nearby corporal took no notice to her lip and went on talking to Master Chief. "Sir! Thank god you're here! We've been lost out here for hours! After we lost contact from the rest of the mission, we headed to the extraction point and theseâ€|these things! They ambushed us! We gotta get outa here!"

Master Chief raised his hands. "I'm not the one in charge," he said, turning to Liz. "She is."

The other marines looked at the young woman. She drenched in sweat and covered in blood. Her face was set in a cruel stare. "Whadur you lookin at?" she snapped. She took some ammo from a dead marine's corpse and said a two second prayer for his family back home, wherever he was from.

Lizzy looked over her "new recruits." It felt good to be in charge,

but she knew that more important than the privileges of bossing people around, she had to protect the others with her life. That's what I'll do, she thought solemnly. She stood from her crouched position and caught all of the marines' gazes in hers, each one at a time. They were exhausted. Each looked so desperate.

She sighed as she looked at one more of them, and she shook her head. "You guys seem so hopeless," she whispered. "Why are you fighting here?" she asked. The marines looked confused.

"Because we have to," one said.

"Yes, that's one reason," Liz whispered. "You are fighting to keep alive." The marines shifted uneasily. "But you're fighting for something far more important." She stood closer to the marine who answered her question. "You're fighting for your families. Your homes." Placing a hand on his shoulder, "You're fighting for earth. If you give up now, then all of the innocents, all of those that can't fight for themselves, you give up on them." The marines looked at her. "Yeah, all of you are fighting for the same goal."

"She's right," the corporal said.

"If you give up now, then nothing we do will matter." That last statement hit home. "Let's go." The marines slowly followed her out of the building. "Get ready, they'll be here real soonâ€!"

True to prophecy, the animal like roar of a flood pierced the gloom. Liz just ran, shooting as she went. Jake fell into step right next to her, and Master Chief took post behind her. "Keep going!" she shouted ahead of herself. She skidded to a halt and turned around, going back to the other marines. They seemed surprised to see her come back.

She made sure that she was at the end of the line. She wasn't going to leave any one of them behind. It just wasn't right to do so. They were all going to die, but she didn't want them to be abandoned when they did.

Liz thought about what was going to happen next. Would she end up being sucked into the library with Master Chief, only to die there? He would only take her dog tags and go! Would she die now, falling into the swamp water and never to be thought of again? Would Jake haul her body onto the Pelican in hopes of reviving her? Would she be too wounded to continue? Would she and Jake somehow meet up with Polaski, Locklear, Havertson, and Johnson, leaving her brother behind do die on one of the Forerunners' rings? If she was fine, then what would Foehammer do? Was she still going to get them? "Hell if I know," she whispered to herself. More time to think about it made it harder to comprehend.

Trying to get her mind off of things, she pulled a sputtering marine out of the knee deep water, yanking him to his feet until he could breathe, and then pulling him toward where he needed to go to survive.

Lizzy's mind drifted from what would happen after. She concentrated on the battle in front of her. All she could here was the blood pounding through her. All she could taste was sweat and blood. All she could feel was the filthy water. All she could see was the flood,

their bodies falling apart and blood flying. All she could smell was death. She lost her conscious thought and the only voice she heard was a little voice in her head, screaming, "Pull the trigger! Pull the trigger!"

She kept pulling the trigger.

It wasn't long 'til she looked foreword and remembered that there were other things in the world other than her enemies. She looked at the Forerunner structure that towered before her. Finally she'd get what she wanted.

Answers.

The flood began to pour from the water.

Sentinels flew down to the battle. They began to shoot the Flood down, and Lizzy glanced at the Chief. There was a flicker of orange light next to him. So he was the only one going.

More light began to pool around him. "Don't forget us, John!" she screamed. He glanced to her like she was crazy, but then he disappeared. Liz's eyes brimmed with tears. She was going to die. But she had some small comfort. There was nothing that she could get in the way of now. He was going to live for sure.

He was going to save earth. Kill a prophet. Make an alliance with the Elites. Find the other Spartans.

Liz glanced in the air. A Pelican screeched to a halt, slowly lowering down. "EVERYBODY! MOVE!" she roared. "That's our ticket outa here!"

The marines quickly complied, dragging wounded counterparts onto the cold deck plates. Liz stayed on the ground, making sure to be the last to board. Jake took her hand and pulled her in. he sat down in the corner of the dropship, closest to the hatch. They were both freezing cold, slightly dazed, and silent.

Foehammer looked at two marines. They were covered in blood, mud, sweat, and other grime. They were sitting in the corner, wrapped in each other's arms. They looked like they were almost dead. "Where's Chief?" She asked the marines.

"Dead," one said. "He didn't come aboard with us, he has to be dead."

"Spartans never die," another retorted.

"That's wrong," Liz whispered. All eyes turned to her. "There are only about seven Spartans left in active duty. Only thirty or so survived the augmentation, and the rest who were hurt to badly work for ONI now." The marines became silent.

"We can't do anything to help John anymore," she continued. "He's one of only maybe five others to survive Halo. We can't do anything other than live out the rest of the time we have." She sighed and rested her head on Jake's chest. "Foehammer, get us to the _Truth and Reconciliation_." Liz's eyes slid shut.

"Yes, ma'am." The pilot was surprised to hear the little woman talk like that. She must have gotten hit on the head.

Jake looked back at the young woman who laid on him. She needed the sleep she was getting. He wiped some blood off her face. There was no way that most people could endure that. She had assumed an attitude of such authority that, even though she was no more than a Private, a Spartan did everything he was told. She had commanded a group of cold, tired, and scared marines, even their noncom. She was still alive.

Jake saw some black string around her neck. He gently pulled it out of her shirt and saw that on it, there was a cross made of nails. He didn't ever remember her having it before. Liz's eyelids flickered. She smiled in her sleep and huddled closer to Jake's chest. Jake rubbed her freezing shoulder. One of the now silent marines handed him a towel.

Jake wiped the blood and grime of his face. He then began to get it off of Liz. Soon the true colors of the armor she wore began to show through. He put the towel down and moved her into a more comfortable position. When he touched her ribs she hissed and her eyes shot open.

"Liz?" Jake asked quietly, settling her back down. "It's okay, go back to sleep, alright?"

"Don't touch my side," she groaned. Jake sat her up and set her in front of him.

"What happened to your side?" Jake asked.

"What didn't?" Liz said stubbornly. "Don't touch it."

"You're worse than my little brother!" Jake said. Liz raised her eyebrow.

"That's insulting," she said playfully. "Now I feel hurt." She stuck out her lip and crossed her arms over her chest. Jake smiled, but looked at something glossy on her side. He ignored her last comment and put his hand to it.

Squealing she pulled away. "Damn it!" she whispered through clenched teeth. "I told you not to-"

Jake's eyes were wide. "You're bleeding!" he whispered.

Liz turned away and got her side out of his view. "It's a scratch, Jake," she breathed. "Nothing for you to worry about."

"You're still bleeding!" Jake said sternly. "It is something to worry about! Let me see it." Liz shrank away. "Now. I'm real serious."

The look in Liz's eyes was murderous. She inched closer and took her hands from her side. Liz lifted the armor off her side and gasped. "It's a big scratch?" she said, letting out an uneven laugh.

The other marines stared at her. Liz shrank back under so many eyes. "Don't look at me," she growled, narrowing her eyes to catlike slits. She hid her wound again. "Get the other wounded taken care of before

me. I can't have myself treated if there aren't enough supplies for the rest of you." She was right. There were supplies enough for maybe three badly wounded, but Liz had seen that there were seven wounded. Only one marine seemed to be unscathed.

"I see your point," Jake said after a long silence, only broken by the roar of the engines. "But I'm gonna make sure your treated at Truth and Reconciliation."

Liz closed her eyes and leaned over, laying her head on his shoulder. She put her mouth close to his ear. "Jake," she whispered sadly. "We're almost done." Jake felt her stiff frame throbbing. "It's almost over." She went limp, her breathing slowing.

Jake cradled the girl in his arms. She was finally making sense. He didn't want to wake her up, though. She was too tired to deal with all the questions he had. Liz was too young for this war. But then again, he was only nineteen, and she was seventeen!

Lizzy closed her eyes. Everything hurt like hell. She had been ignoring how numb her legs were, but she couldn't overlook it for much longer. Ever since she fell from that catwalk, her lower half had gradually been loosing feeling. Jake had fairly easily been tricked into thinking that she was reasonably fine. The sharp sting in her side, the gash caused by that combat form, was far beyond sore. Breathing was utterly taxing her strength.

And thenâ€|there was this _other_ feeling like nothing she'd ever felt before. Trying all she could to be enveloped in sleep, Liz noticed that Jake was holding her closer than he ever did. He was so warm and loving in everything he did for herâ€|but how come she felt that way with him?

She felt light headed and decided that something must be wrong. This didn't feel right at allâ€| The light seeping through her lids dimmed and disappeared. She was so tiredâ€| .

End
file.